

# TOMBSTONE EPIGRAPH

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The Oldest Newspaper in Cochise County

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## WANTED—LEGISLATIVE TIMBER TO BUILD NEW PEN FOR POLITICAL PORKERS

The Douglas Daily Dispatch, Cochise county's bully-rag of the Republican party, is advertising for needed assistance. The Dispatch is scouring the woods for three emendators who will devote their every ounce of legislative ability in warping the county seat removal law (which carries the trade mark "Made in Douglas") to fit the present day needs of the Douglas removal ring.

It is amusing.

The Douglas removalists lobbied like Trojans to secure the passage of their pet removal law, and they succeeded. But after the final count in the last removal election they found themselves confronted by a thriving crop of wild oats.

They had contemplated a victory and hoped by the passage of the present county seat removal law, to thrive in peace on the fruits of their endeavor, at least until the year 1924, for under the dictum of the Douglas county seat removal bill, it is impossible to bring the matter before the voters again until the period of time, allotted by the Douglasites themselves in their pet measure, has elapsed.

But the boomerang has returned with the force of a lightning bolt, and the "ring" is at the height of disruption. They now refuse to reap what their own hands have sown, and propose to inject another shot of "Douglasism" into the removal law. Whether or not they will succeed remains to be seen.

At the last election Bisbee was crowded off the track as a possible location for the county seat should the election have carried in favor of removal, and this through the political machinations of the Douglas "ring." Bisbee awoke to the situation promptly and with a just anger dealt the knock-out blow to the Douglas removal program. Does the Douglas "ring" again intend to ignore Bisbee in this matter? If so, the whole affair will again amount to naught. Douglas will never be the county seat of Cochise county, and though it is a bitter pill, yet it remains for the Douglas removalists to swallow. And Bisbee and Tombstone are not alone in the task of cramming it down their throats, for the voters of the balance of the county have a say regarding the saddling on to their backs of additional debts and taxation.

The only hope of Douglas is through the complete tricking of Bisbee. They see fit to ignore the balance of the county. They give no thought to fairness toward the residents of the northern and western sections, and are relying solely on their chances of pulling the wool over the eyes of the Warren District long enough to accomplish the big grab. But this has been Douglas' mistake for the past 20 years, and though it must be admitted that they are a powerful aggregation of political porkers we predict they will have a merry time building a nice little pen for themselves with the joint funds of the taxpayers of Dear Old Cochise.

They persist in under-rating the common sense of the Warren District and the result has always been utter defeat.

The Dispatch heaves a mass of mud when it vehemently voices the following:

..... It would not be amiss to admonish the voters of Douglas not to forget certain county officials, who, while drawing pay from the Cochise county treasury, put in considerable time at Phoenix last year lobbying against a county seat removal election bill that was passed in the lower house. It would not be consistent for any loyal citizen of this city to vote for a "public servant" who degenerated into a common hireling of a very few persons whose motives in wanting the courthouse to remain at its present location were based on reasonable grounds. The people of Douglas must not forget these lobbyists."

Speaking of "public servants who degenerated into common hirelings of a very few persons," we would remind the Dispatch of the open activities of several office holders in the court house, who came to Tombstone from Douglas. They openly fought for Douglas, and yet were admired by the citizens of Tombstone for their spirit toward their home town. Some of them held and still hold property interests in Douglas. We admired their stand in the matter, and never once did the thought of holding this action against them enter our minds. Every man has a right to align himself in the protection of his property, and by so doing he does not subject himself to the criticism of a gang of political parasites. But that the Dispatch sees fit to attempt to smear the characters and official ability of the county officials who fought the Douglas "ring" during the last county seat removal fight, does not surprise us to any great extent. These men do not deny the fact. They exercised the right of any citizen in opposing the attack made upon their property interests, and the fact that they held county offices did not affect them in protecting what they had a prior right to protect.

The fact that the Dispatch never took occasion to launch a mud slinging campaign against the Douglas county office holders, who took part in the county seat fight, is just another glaring illustration of its conception of fairness.

Douglas' only hope, as we have said before, is to completely fool the taxpayers, and this, they will find, is

going to be a job entirely too big for the brains represented in the Douglas county seat removal clique of political porkers.

## PESSIMISM

Who can be hopeful of the spirit of this country, or the welfare of the world, after the final failure of the peace treaty?

This failure is recognized by most Americans as a great calamity. The nation is consequently in an ugly and critical mood. Recriminations fly thick and fast. The senate is blamed, in whole and in every part; the President is blamed; newspapers are blamed; even the public, which considers itself an innocent and disappointed bystander, is blamed.

But what is the use of blame, now? For the present at least, the deed is done—the die is cast. And in the sober thinking now going on the full measure of the calamity begins to make itself apparent.

The world, in confusion already for a year and a half since the armistice by uncertainty of future settlements, is kept so with no visible prospect of improvement. The present chaotic condition of Germany is merely a symptom of the universal unrest which might have been stilled by definite, constructive American action. The world, a ship of state, drifts, without a leader.

And what of America? Who keeps now the glow with which the American people fought and won the big war—the spirit of a nation which, after so many vicissitudes and doubts, had found itself? Who remembers that exultation without feeling that true Americanism is now obscured, American unity shattered, and American greatness betrayed?

The proud sense that all the world honored and respected us, and that we were worthy of that respect—have we not lost it? The leadership of civilization—have we not thrown it away? The noble principles for which we fought the war, and which we forced the world to recognize—what has become of them? Do we not stand today as a nation that has forgotten its war purposes, thrown away the victory and betrayed its associates?

We did what arms could do to make the world safe for democracy, and then spoiled that triumph by partisan controversy.

And the soldiers—who can think of them without shame? Was it for a peace like this that our army fought and suffered and died?

Pessimism is not necessarily destructive. It may save. What the nation needs at present is to contemplate the political and moral collapse it has suffered since the war until it is so full of humiliation that it will rise up and do something about it—and kick out any public servants who continue bedeviling the world's peace and perverting their country's soul.

## PRESENT DAY SUCCESS

Speaking of success—and he ought to know something about it—Charles M. Schwab told the Princeton students that "never in history has there been such a chance for the successful man as today. Any man who does his work better than the average is going to be successful."

The condition of success does not fit in very well with present-day inclinations of youth. Somehow the old spirit of competition seems to have vanished since the armistice. Business men everywhere complain that they find little of the old desire to "make good" by industry and application, among either office workers or manual workers. The current notion seems to be merely to get through the day's work or the week's work as easily as possible, draw the pay and spend it in having a good time.

This very fact, however, gives a rare advantage to the man who is really ambitious or conscientious enough to want to excel in his work. With the other fellows slacking, even a normal amount of application is likely to make the ambitious man conspicuous, and unusual effort is sure to put him ahead with unexampled speed.

## HATS OFF TO MONTANA!

Montana led all the states in the percentage of battle deaths in the World War, according to Stars and Stripes, Washington, D. C. For each one thousand Montanans who went to the colors, 17.2 gave their lives in action or as the result of wounds. The inference is that the Montanans were where the fighting was hottest. It is a glorious record. However, it does not reflect, by comparison, on other states, whose soldiers would have gone just as readily where so many Montanans went. Arizona stands thirty-seventh in the list of states in percentage of casualties from deaths in action or as the result of wounds sustained in action.

## PROFITEERS—PLUS PLAIN LIARS

Newspaper people are usually so busy boosting other peoples' games and fighting everybody's battles except their own that they are easy victims of any sort of a graft.

During the war the government asked publishers to curtail the amount of paper they were using—we presume it was to insure the thousand and one publicity departments of the government an adequate supply. Being simple, all us hick publishers did as we were told. The paper barons at once discovered a shortage existed and the price went up and up. What we used to pay five cents per pound now costs 14 cents laid down in Safford.

Paper salesmen, when the price began to soar, were very cocky with their printer customers. They all had a stereotyped line of talk—they still have it—consisting of, "we don't care whether you buy it or not, there is a great shortage of print paper—we have orders now for more than we can deliver."

All of which is plain bunk.

The paper mills have great gobs of paper hoarded away. The man who sells us the paper knows it. He also knows the publisher is the victim of a crowd of bandits

alongside of whom Pancho Villa would rank as a gentleman.

We have never yet had an order for paper turned down—not as long as we have the money to pay for it. They will deliver us one ream or a carload—if we have the money to pay for it.

We know we are being stuck up at the point of a salesman's pencil, as deadly as any six-gun. But what makes us sore is that they persist in lying to us—handing out bunk about "shortage."

The next salesman who stalls into this joint and puts on that be-whiskered record about "shortage" runs the risk of being thrown out on his nose by the Farmer force.

In this connection we might give business men a tip. Every time a salesman gives you that story about "prices will have to go up in the future, buy now because there is going to be shortage in every line" take him by the neck and throw him out. Nothing will discourage that propaganda like bounding its distributors square on their noses—and it might eventually bring down the cost of living.—Gila Valley Farmer.

## WEEKLESS WEEK

We have driven the "drive" almost to death. The very thought of special days or special weeks set aside for some campaign or other is becoming abhorrent to the citizen who would like to compose his soul in quiet after a protracted era of slogans and campaigns.

A story is told of one public school building which is probably typical. This school had been passing through the same orgy of posters slogans and propaganda as the rest of the community. There had been Halloween, Armistice Day, Thanksgiving and Christmas to celebrate. Then came Red Cross, Old Boys', Army Homecoming, Election, Salvation Army, Food Conservation, Book, Missionary, Teeth, Clean-up, Parents', Safety First, Tree Planting, Boy Scout, Community Pageant, Health and Music Weeks, Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays had been duly honored. Thrift week and Near East week had made their special appeals. Then came a lull.

The janitor grinned cheerfully as he cleaned the last remnant of poster from the walls. The teachers sighed with relief as they took down the last bit of literature and drawings made by the children for these special occasions. As pupils or teachers entered the building they were surprised into looking about them and scanning the walls closely. The total absence of any sort of propaganda decorations was more striking than a new set of posters and literature would have been. The janitor could not refrain from a word of explanation, but even his explaining showed the effect of long habit. "This," he said, "is weekless week."

It is just possible that weekless week accomplished more good in that school than any new drive however important could have done. A few quite normal, dignified and quiet weeks at this time would undoubtedly do everybody a lot of good.

Duties of other people are always duly clear to us.

The owner of a smart dog does most of the barking. Epitaph for a bachelor: "He had a smile for everybody."

The whisky still is responsible for many a loud drinker.

Life is simply one continuous round of unfinished business.

It takes a child to make a wise men feel like an ignorant fool.

Even a homely girl dislikes to be described in plain language.

Forget the sorrows of yesterday and go after the joys of today.

Produce and industry are the principal ingredients of good luck.

When a man's trousers bag at the knees they seldom bag at the pockets.

No man ever asked a truthful woman more than once what she thinks of him.

Women always have a suspicion that they are entertaining angels unawares.

The man who looks out for difficulties will find two where he expected only one.

A woman cares not who saves the money just so she is permitted to spend it.

A woman likes to have people say that she is young looking and a member of an old family.

Love is a malady of the mind that swells the heart and knocks the stuffing out of the pocketbook.

They charge, these days, for the holes in Swiss cheese.

Love is blind, but can see into a pocketbook.

Living fifty years ago was not worth so much, either. We suckers make the profiteers happy.

The new airships fly faster but they land harder.

The devil works hard to get some people he is welcome to.

One loses more time looking for graft than the graft amounts to.

Not so many motor cars are being wrapped around poles at 2 a. m.

Life, rations and skirts are all shorter than they used to be.

Politicians continually hunt for a substitute for honesty.

Seems as though in uplifting the poor and hammering the rich a lot of us plain average people get overlooked.

It is always money or a woman that a man elopes with.

Alcohol is not a beverage. It is for grief when wife's out of town.

Beware of the chap who doesn't know anything and don't know it.

Wool is said to be short, but there seems to be enough of it for pulling it over the eyes of the people by the politicians.

## SEVEN PINNED UNDER OVERTURNED CAR, BUT ONLY ONE IS INJURED

PHOENIX, April 2.—With the exception of a bruised wrist, not a single person was injured yesterday when a Ford car owned by the high school board and driven by S. J. Hollinger, 2214 West Adams street, collided at Sixteenth avenue and Washington street with a Ford truck belonging to the Constable Ice and Fuel company. The truck was driven by Arthur Leath. Hollinger and six high school boys with him were pinned under the overturned Ford car.

## SURVEYS APPROVED

PHOENIX, April 2.—The following surveys were approved by the surveyor general yesterday: The Hunter Hill and Tom Payne claims of the Julian Kennedy, Jr., in the Mineral Creek mining district in Pinal county; three claims of the Little Ajo mining company in the Ajo mining district in Pima county; fourteen claims of the Consolidated Arizona Copper Mines company in Patagonia mining district in Santa Cruz county and the Volcanic claim of Charles Rambo, situated in the Warren mining district in Cochise county.

## AN OLD LEGAL FRIEND

PHOENIX, April 2.—Another turn has been taken in the maze of legal complications occasioned by the contest of Charles W. Harris for the office of adjutant general. The attorney general has filed in supreme court a reply to attorneys for Adjutant General Walter S. Ingalls. The latter had contended that the court has no jurisdiction over a military officer and that Col. Harris had not complied with the law in filing his oath of office. The controversy rests at stalemate.

## KENDRICK BILL IS OKED BY NEW MEXICO CATTLE GROWERS

ROSWELL, N. M., April 2.—The New Mexico Cattle and Horse Growers' association on the last day of its annual convention here yesterday passed a resolution endorsing the substitute Kenyon-Kendrick bill and the New Mexico congressman was urged to vote for it.

## MAY BRING NEW CHARGE

PHOENIX, April 2.—According to a letter received yesterday by Sheriff Montgomery from Sheriff McDonald of Cochise county, Rene Mistrion, who is serving a six months' jail sentence in the county jail, will face a felony charge in Tombstone when his term is finished here. On April 6 he will appear in the court of Justice Wheeler to answer charges of passing a \$25 check with insufficient funds in the bank.

## PARENTS BELIEVE WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENT OF DAUGHTER TO BE APRIL FOOL JOKE

DOUGLAS, April 2.—Miss Beulah Bryant, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Powell, 726 Twelfth street and Frank Maxwell, who resides at the same number on Fourteenth street, were married yesterday morning at 11 o'clock by the Rev. W. H. Fowle. Returning a short time after to the bride's residence to announce the wedding, they had difficulty in getting the bride's family to believe it. They thought it an April 1 joke.

## EXPERT COMES TO HELP STOCKMEN PREVENT LOSS FROM POISONOUS PLANTS

Dr. C. D. Marsh, U. S. Bureau of animal industry, is a visitor in Arizona for two weeks beginning March 26. Dr. Marsh is an expert on poison plants and the treatment of animals affected by eating poisonous plants. He has come to Arizona at the invitation of the Agricultural Extension Service of the University, in accordance with requests of stockmen who have suffered unusual loss on their ranges this spring from loco and other plants poisonous to animals. Stockmen should get in touch with county agents and determine the dates Dr. Marsh will be in their counties.